

977.3

I1623

[*Bank of the Manhattan Company*]

Illinois, the  
Prairie State

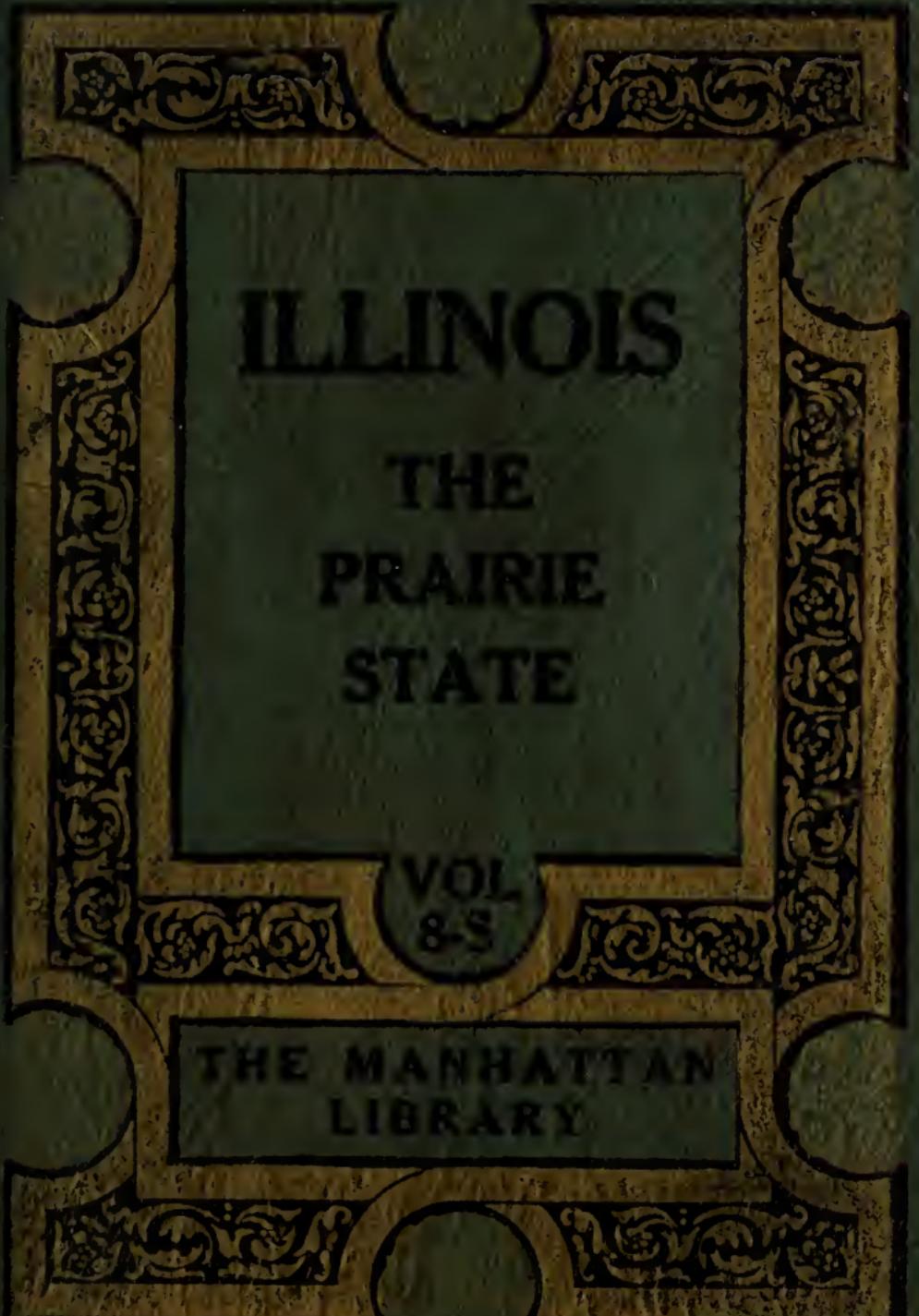
R3

(1936)

ILLINOIS HISTORICAL SURVEY







ILLINOIS  
THE  
PRAIRIE  
STATE

VOL  
8-S

THE MANHATTAN  
LIBRARY

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS  
LIBRARY  
AT URBANA-CHAMPAIGN  
ILL. HIST. SURVEY

ILLINOIS  
THE  
PRAIRIE  
STATE

Copyright, 1936, by  
BANK OF THE MANHATTAN COMPANY  
MEMBER OF THE  
FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION

ILLINOIS  
THE  
PRAIRIE  
STATE



*Published by*  
BANK OF THE MANHATTAN  
COMPANY  
NEW YORK, N. Y.  
*Chartered 1799*

## CHRONOLOGY

- 1673—Joliet and Marquette discovered the Mississippi.
- 1679—La Salle first reached Illinois.
- 1696—Mission of the Guardian Angel founded at Chicago.
- 1720—Fort de Chartres built.
- 1731—Vincennes founded.
- 1763—Pontiac's conspiracy.
- 1774—Quebec Act.
- 1778—George Rogers Clark's conquest of Illinois.
- 1787—Ordinance governing Old Northwest passed by Congress of the Confederacy.
- 1793—First Methodist preacher, Rev. Joseph Lillard.
- 1794—Battle of Fallen Timbers.
- 1796—First Baptist church founded at New Design.
- 1803—Fort Dearborn erected.

977.3

Ill. Hist. Survey

IL 623

## CHRONOLOGY

1814—First newspaper printed at Kaskaskia by Matthew Duncan, the *Illinois Herald*.

1818—Illinois became a State.

1819—First agricultural society.

1826—Peoria founded.

1832—Black Hawk war.

1833—Incorporation of Chicago.

First Congregational church, near Naperville.

1834—First Episcopal churches organized.

1837—Rush Medical College incorporated.

1871—Chicago fire.

1889—Hull House founded by Jane Addams.

1893—World's Columbian Exposition.

1933—Century of Progress Exposition.

## CONTENTS

Chapter	Page
I      Conflict Stakes Out an Empire -	1
II     The Gage Is Thrown, and Caught - - - - -	11
III    A Chafing Flood Is Loosed - -	18
IV    "They Made Their Own Conquest"	25
V     The Flood Waters Are Not Stayed	32
VI    Out Of Fermenting Growth, Men Of Vigorous Mind. . . - - - -	40
VII   A Center Of Commerce Is Decided	49
VIII  An Alliance Among States - - -	56
IX    A Speller, and a Slate Besides -	63
X     America Was Built By These - -	71

## FOREWORD

A young, well muscled State, Illinois still pioneers.

The flotsam of European imperialism has been flung on its river shores . . . the flags of three nations — France, Spain and England — flew over it before it was won for a fourth nation by the bright courage of George Rogers Clark and held for it by the far-seeing Benjamin Franklin.

Illinois became a State and a member of the Union in 1818 — soon thereafter. Bank of the Manhattan Company began serving its people just as for nineteen previous years it had been serving the people of the nation.



## CHAPTER ONE

# CONFLICT STAKES OUT AN EMPIRE



ON the high rock of Quebec the Intendant of New France heard fancied music in his ears, the praise of the *Grand Monarque* for an empire nobly expanded . . . pictured his triumphant return to France and Versailles, the glittering court of Louis XIV, and his fit ennoblement . . .

Through the wilderness, a thousand miles, Jean Talon's couriers brought to a young voyageur who waited impatiently at St. Ignace, at Michilimackinac, for permission to seek out the "great water" beyond the Lakes whose rumor hung on every passing forest wind.

Just 28 . . . but for years Louis Joliet had led flotillas of canoes, fur-laden to the gunwales, down the perilous rivers to Montreal, one of that wilderness-

loving tribe that adventure and the enormous profits in furs lured from one river valley to another, threading the Lakes and the northern forests to the very depths of the continent . . .

It was the gentle, indomitable Father Jacques Marquette that Joliet chose to go with him; and for Marquette it answered a lifelong hope to carry Christianity to the Indians south of the Lakes.

May 17, 1673, they left the mission St. Ignace, which Marquette had founded only two years before. It was almost the last outpost in the wilderness. With two canoes and five men they skirted the northern shore of Lake Michigan to Green Bay. Along the Fox River friendly Indians begged them to go no farther, warned them of hostile peoples, a dangerous river filled with monsters, a demon still more terrible, and scorching heat . . .

Two Indians were persuaded to guide them across the portage to the Wisconsin, and on June 17th they entered the unknown river. Awed, delighted, they

floated down the flood-stream, by the shores of the Illinois, past the Missouri, the famous Piasa Rock with its painted demon, and the mouth of the Ohio. Certain now that the great river flowed into the Gulf of Mexico and not to Virginia or California, and fearing both southern Indians and Spaniards, they turned back at the Arkansas River.

They returned by the Illinois and the *voyageur's* keen eyes lighted at the broad prairies. "A settler would not there spend ten years in cutting down and burning trees," Joliet exultingly reported in Quebec; "on the very day of his arrival, he could put his plow into the ground."

Jubilant he was, too, over the new water route he had discovered. A bark could be sailed, he showed, from Lake Erie through the *de troit* (these too were his discovery) and the lower Lakes to the place the Indians called Checagou, for the wild onions that grew in the woods; from thence a canal through "but half a

league of prairie" would open the great valley and the port on the southern gulf. All this meant furs and merchandise and commerce.

Close by the portage to the Chicago River was a village of the Kaskaskia Indians, a tribe of the Illinois, who asked Father Marquette to return; and he joyfully promised. But before he reached Green Bay he had fallen ill, nor a whole year later was yet recovered. Nevertheless, in the fall of 1674 he set out, traveling wearily. At the Chicago River where winter winds had driven away even the gulls that wheeled high over the desolate shore and flattened the dune grasses, he could go no farther.

In a tiny cabin of *voyageurs* an outlaw "surgeon" tended him through the winter — and Father Marquette was grateful, for in a journal otherwise meticulous he carefully forgot his name.

It was with death already upon him that he reached Kaskaskia in the spring. Five hundred chiefs and elders, fifteen

hundred men and boys, and numbers of women and children gathered to hear him. It was Good Friday. On Easter he preached again and named his mission, "the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin." His life's work was filled; all he wished now was to die at his own St. Ignace.

He had delayed too long. Canoes carried him swiftly along the eastern shore of the Lake, but on May 18, 1675, his companions carried him ashore to die in the wilderness, at the mouth of a little river since called Marquette.

Strangely, that last journey of the saintly, boyish-faced father was the prelude to bitter contest . . .

Jean Talon's dreaming had been rudely interrupted, his plans scarcely laid when the fame of them fell to a successor. Comte Louis de Buade Frontenac had plans of his own for the expansion of New France, and of a different nature.

In alarm two divergent factions joined against him; the fur merchants of Mon-

treal, fearful to lose their monopoly of trade, and the Jesuits whose missions were the only established posts among the Lakes, and who yet hoped to achieve a sort of Christian Arcady in the heart of the continent that should exclude all traders and soldiers — a land of Indians peaceful under Jesuit tutelage alone, of which Marquette's mission was to be the beginning.

At the court of France the Jesuits sought to undermine Frontenac's power, made the most of Joliet's discovery; in all New France the people numbered but 6,705, and with these Frontenac thought to extend trade and settlement westward — the Jesuits scoffed at the folly of spreading so thin a colony over so vast a territory.

Yet Frontenac prevailed. He obtained a monopoly of the fur trade south of the Lakes, and consent to exploration.

To check the spread of Jesuit influence he kept Joliet at Quebec in angry idleness; it was Robert Cavelier de la Salle

that he sent to build posts and organize their company. They should both have been rich, but that a dreamer and adventurer went to do the work of a man of business. Uncontent with trade, La Salle conceived an empire . . .

Fort Frontenac was built on Lake Ontario to be the center of the proposed western trade, a fort at Niagara, and another on the St. Joseph River in the tenuous chain . . . while creditors seized his property mortgaged to achieve them, and the little *Griffin* he had built with great toil was lost on the Lakes.

In December of 1679 he struggled with his men through the marshy portage to the Kankakee . . . quelled hostile Illinois with show of battle, and built finally a fort at the lower end of Lake Peoria, which he called Crèvecoeur — heartbreak.

La Salle had returned to Fort Frontenac for supplies when the perennial Iroquois flame broke out in fury at the French attempt to rob them of their trade

in western furs. With dread at heart la Salle returned to find the fields laid waste, the village burned, forts destroyed, no trace of his men or his lieutenant, Henri de Tonti.

Tonti escaped from the Iroquois and rejoined him a year later; meanwhile all their ground work was to do again . . . All his few remaining resources were mortgaged when in the dead of winter his canoes floated once more down the Illinois, and on February 2, 1682, came out into the Mississippi.

When he came back, he had reached the Gulf and staked out an empire for France.

The dream was all but accomplished. Together, he and Tonti worked feverishly. The Indians were united in a great western confederacy against the Iroquois. Fort St. Louis began to rise at the place later called Starved Rock, to be the center of his seigniory. Nearby he made the first grants of land to young *voyageurs*, and around the fort gathered his Indian allies

to the number of twenty thousand. The fur trade was his, and he had a port free of ice.

Now, if ever, he hoped to free himself from the entanglements of Canada, governor of a far vaster and more fertile territory. All depended, for the moment, on getting merchandise from Canada for trade . . . and at this critical moment Frontenac was recalled and Canada was filled only with his enemies.

Hopeless his efforts to win over the successor, La Barre. Montreal merchants surrounded him, waiting to fall heir to Illinois. The Iroquois threatened war, and lacking Frontenac's strong hand, La Barre offered France's explorer for a propitiatory sacrifice. As la Salle himself journeyed to Quebec for justice, he met his successor in command.

The Iroquois, naturally, made no distinction.

While la Salle won belated justice at the court of France and sailed for Louisiana to found the colony that ended in

his murder, in Canada one governor after another tried to stem the Iroquois torrent that joined with it hard-won western tribes and swept to the gates of Montreal. In the end it was seventy-year old Comte de Frontenac who returned in 1689 to save the colony.

Five years later the Iroquois were ready to make peace, but Frontenac was not. It was only in 1701 that the great treaty was concluded with all the tribes of east and west.

Once more Frontenac saw the empire laid ready to building. He knew as well that Illinois was its key.

## CHAPTER TWO

# THE GAGE IS THROWN, AND CAUGHT



T Sault Ste. Marie, and in the West Virginia mountains . . . in the year of 1671 and almost at one time two kings laid claim to the valley of the Mississippi.

Not many years later, both reached for the mouth of the river, and by a few months the English lost . . . Had the French not been so niggardly through the rest of that century of opportunity, Illinois might have kept them Louisiana.

It is a story of few who saw, and many who were blind.

While the distant war continued against British and Iroquois, Henri de Tonti — he of the iron hand — quietly secured la Salle's lost holdings in Illinois, watching the Mississippi for his leader's return, until at length there was no need.

A new Fort St. Louis was built at the village Pimitoui, below Lake Peoria, and around it settled for love of him both Indians and *voyageurs*. It was not long before the fort was the center of wide and flourishing trade, with Frontenac a silent sharer in the profits.

Events, meanwhile, steadily weighted the scale against him.

Through Madame de Maintenon the Jesuits were winning deciding strength at court, and complained bitterly of the fur trader's brandy and cheating practices. With much truth they blamed on their irresponsibilities Indian discontents and Iroquois attacks. And in 1696 when a depression in the beaver trade was added, the king issued an edict.

All traders were recalled, all journeying into the wilderness forbidden. Frontenac rejoined sarcastically that the court knew better the good of Canada than he. As for Tonti and his partner La Forest, they were exempted, but the exemption was a mockery — two canoes

of merchandise a year. Had they been men of another temper they would have abandoned the whole thing.

Perversely, though the pious court of France gave lip-service to Jesuit wishes, it had not lost its imperial ambitions. It was the Comte de Pontchartrain, too weak himself for the exploits he keenly admired, who saw the imperative necessity for carrying out la Salle's plans for Louisiana; he who sent Pierre le Moyne, sieur d'Iberville, to the mouth of the Mississippi in 1698, where he founded Biloxi.

Gladly Tonti joined hands in trade, only to die in Biloxi in 1704 of yellow fever. Iberville, as well, had far-reaching plans for Illinois — the name meant, then, all the wide valley lands from the Alleghenies to the Rockies.

French traders traveled far west of the Mississippi, knew the Missouri to the forks of the Platte, even the Tennessee to the Carolinas . . . though twenty and thirty years later some persisted in look-

ing with longing eyes up the yellow Missouri as the highway to China . . . Curiously enough, the French knew little of the upper Ohio, and it was no small part of their undoing.

Even when Tonti was first among the Illinois Virginia packtrains had crossed the mountains and adventurers long since reached the lower Ohio by the Cumberland and the Tennessee. Yet even as pioneers clambered over the Allegheny slopes the French government toyed with the idea of trading the whole of Louisiana for the island of Santo Domingo.

That enormity did not occur, and the colony was turned over to a private merchant, Antoine Crozat, to save expense to the government. But Crozat made no easy money, and in Illinois the hostile Fox Indians had thrown the tribes into turmoil that for four years defeated all efforts of the French.

Then a speculating Scotsman thought he could do better, and under the Company of the Indies Louisiana became the

backing for John Law's paper schemes. Before long the bubble burst, but meanwhile Illinois had a good deal of publicity. New garrisons were added against the English threats, Fort de Chartres built fifteen miles north of Kaskaskia and a settlement grew around it, civil government was added to ecclesiastical and military jurisdiction; coal, copper and silver mines were opened.

But, as always, shareholders grumbled. Expenses were cut down, merchandise limited for trade, and garrisons reduced. Astonishing shortsightedness, for the Foxes still traveled in full war paint, were uniting the discontented tribes once more to rid them of the white men . . . and English trading goods, English generosity were winning them over.

And against them? The parsimony of the Company, the jealous indifference of the Canadian officials — empty storehouses and a handful of troops.

No more than a miracle saved the French colony. A general conspiracy

planned annihilation at one concerted blow . . . but the Natchez broke out too soon, and the murder of 238 Frenchmen about Fort Rosalie November 29, 1729 awakened the startled directors. Frightened, they begged the king to take back his granted gift.

No easy task the French commandants had in Illinois . . . Canadian jealousy, unruly colonists, intruding and dangerous English, smoldering Indian revolt. It was after more than one failure that young Pierre Dartaguiette came in 1733 to quell the turbulence — never, it was said, were Indians more submissive. Then, in an expedition against the Chickasaws three years later, he fell wounded and was taken . . . died at the stake, singing proudly above the flames.

At home neither French nor English, it seemed, realized the true course events were taking along the inland valleys. In 1746 Governor Bertet showed in a long letter to France how the fertile Illinois country could supply meat, tobacco,

wheat and rice in competition with the English colonies, and begged, as had others before him, for a fort on the Ohio to protect it from the British — and was also refused, because of the expense.

The following year war broke out between England and France — called in America King George's war — and for weeks Bertet was without news. Fort de Chartres was falling to pieces, he had neither goods nor ammunition, and only sheer personal force kept the uneasy tribes quiet and saved the colony. Had the English but realized . . .

The war ended in a truce, and then several English politicians did begin to realize the magnificence of the stake for which they had been playing.

But even while they talked, along the Ohio the gage of battle had been thrown, and caught . . . It was the blind spot of the French possessions.

### CHAPTER THREE

## A CHAFING FLOOD IS LOOSED



GOVERNOR DE LA GALISSONIERE snorted in exasperation. Were there no words to rouse such stupidity? For all his answers from La Pompadour's ministers to his urgent messages were:

"Defend the rights of the king — but keep down the expenses."

Cèloron de Blainville, planting leaden plates along the Ohio Valley to "re-establish" French possession, well realized how the whole fabric of alliances had fallen in pieces. Lacking the English numbers, the French had depended on those alliances to hold the land. Desperately, the governor tried to bolster his position.

The Miami town Pickawillany, center of British influence, was destroyed. A string of forts built from Lake Erie to the Ohio. Expeditions of *voyageurs* and Indians from Illinois, from Mackinac,

and from the Sault Ste. Marie carried war into the enemy's country.

Grimly, the English retrenched. On fields west of the mountains the tide turned. Fort after fort was lost, Indian allies fell away, and the English flag drew westward toward Illinois.

Yet in England it was a victory poorly appreciated. "Large tracts of America were added by the last war to the British dominions," wrote Dr. Samuel Johnson, but "only the barren parts of the continent, the refuse of the earlier adventurers, which the French, who came last, had taken only as better than nothing."

Almost alone, William Pitt's young minister, Lord Shelburne, realized the inevitable, and laid plans for methodical settlement of the western country — plans that were fulfilled, ironically, a quarter of a century later, but not by England . . . Then came far-flung Indian massacre, as Pontiac's fanatic warriors fell upon the western forts, and the crisis dashed the work from his hands.

No small prize of the war had been the enormous fur trade, and Indian war would destroy the profit at a stroke. It was imperative to keep lawless white traders and squatters from raising the fire until definite regulations could be made. Thus, hastily, was issued the Proclamation of 1763 which set a bound to the enterprising frontiersmen, the crest of the mountains.

It had been meant, in the beginning, for a framework, to be filled in with definite reservations for the Indians farther west, regulated settlements between that should some day be equal colonies, and protection for both. But too many great landowners feared losses in sales or rent-rolls in the exodus, the fur-trading interests were too jealous of their wilderness resources, too many voices warned of unruliness in expanding colonies . . .

Each succeeding ministry shrank from raising the issue which involved so many influential politicians . . . while settlers fretted angrily for the new lands.

Strict regulation of the fur trade protected the Indians, and the new Indian Department presented astounding bills for presents, which the ministry accepted with resignation. Nevertheless, the trade still went to the French. The wealthier of them had moved across to the Spanish side of the Mississippi, but they still dominated southern Illinois. French traders roamed at large where no British trader dared set his foot outside the protection of the forts, and the fur-laden canoes floated steadily down the river to Spanish New Orleans.

It was to pay, in part, for this "development" of the west, that the Stamp Act was passed. When the vociferous protest of the colonies swept away both the Act and the ministry which proposed it, England was a little inclined to exasperation.

It was nearly three years after the peace had been signed, three years of Indian fighting and Indian diplomacy, that the English came into possession of Illinois. Docile, the French accepted a

new order far from pleasant. No provision had been made for their Government, merely English law thrust upon them, of which they understood nothing, and they lived under the arbitrary whims of the English commanders stationed there.

Moreover, the priests had been banished, a population of devout Catholics left without guidance. It was one of the banished Jesuits, the old and feeble Father Meurin, who gained permission to return to care for his flock . . . and was driven from the western side of the river by the Spanish for trafficking with the English heretics. Yet despite the threat of being sent in chains to New Orleans, he returned secretly to his people when he was needed, however difficult the crossing of the turbulent river, toiling uncomplainingly.

Gradually, even these docile villagers were restive, stirred by the spirit in the east to make a sharp stand for their own rights. In 1771 they sent Daniel Blouin

to General Gage in Boston to ask for civil government, one modeled, they suggested, on that of Connecticut. Gage would as soon have let them set up a king as see another colony invested with that irksome democracy. He listened in amazement, and scornfully refused.

Meanwhile, what the ministry would not do for the empire, private men and colony officials were doing for themselves. The English government was occupied with the contumacious coast towns, and lawless frontiersmen swarmed over the mountains. Surveyors and land agents were choosing the choicest tracts far down the Ohio.

Even the great merchant firms of the east caught the fever, and began competing for a trade that did not exist. One of them, Baynton Wharton, and Morgan of Philadelphia, sent \$150,000 worth of goods down the Ohio from Pittsburgh, one of the largest commercial undertakings of the eighteenth century. It was the junior partner, George Morgan, who

went to Illinois in its charge, prototype of hundreds to come after — founders of towns, of mines, of railroads, pushing the frontier westward.

It was a time of wild speculation, and — it was speculation, perforce, that opened the west.

When, shortly, the movement of settlers and attendant lawless disorders aroused new Indian war, England made one last effort to deal with the problem, to throw imperial protection over the Ohio valley, in the Quebec Act of 1774.

Too late. The squatters and speculators gleefully defied the prohibition. When, at last, rebellion loosed the chafing flood of pioneers, they threw into alliance with the British all the bitter fury of implacable Indian resistance. But now they should fight their own battles, make their own conquest of the land.

England had made only a brand for the burning.

## CHAPTER FOUR

### "THEY MADE THEIR OWN CONQUEST"



IT was a canny speculator's land agent, Dr. John Connolly, who saw that the backwoodsmen and mountaineers were the backbone of the Revolution, and that an expedition launched from the west would break it.

Luckily for the colonies, the British commanders were not convinced. Instead, Colonel Hamilton sent war parties from Detroit to harry and burn and slaughter from end to end of the long, scattering frontier . . . unaware that he raised a hornets' nest.

In Kaskaskia, meanwhile, Commandante Phillippe de Rocheblave was becoming more and more disgruntled at being left to hold a precarious post with a mere handful of militia . . . uncomfortably aware that the villagers were

dividing against him, despite his efforts at holding them together, that not a few were quietly trading with the frontier settlements in Kentucky, that some were even helping the American rebels bring munitions up the river from New Orleans . . .

Aware, as well, that across the river complacent Spanish officials winked at the traffic, even actively helped . . . that if American forces came to take these Illinois towns, he could not stop them, and from there they could take Detroit.

Runner after runner went to Canada, and unhearing British commanders. Finally, news came of boats descending the Ohio, packed with the dreaded "Long Knives." Grimly he called out his soldiers and without much surprise heard their sullen refusal to fight. American sympathizers had done their work well — the French had a healthy respect for the frontier rifles.

That night he wrote his last letter, dated July 4, 1778 . . . the ink was

scarcely dry when George Rogers Clark broke in upon him.

Clark brought news of the alliance with France, and these Frenchmen cheered. Prairie du Rocher, Cahokia, and the others willingly surrendered. Dr. Jean Baptiste Laffont and Father Pierre Gibault themselves went to Vincennes, and brought back the famous oath of allegiance to Virginia written in barbarous French and signed by all the townsfolk — most by making their marks.

As a matter of course Clark at once instituted self-government, set up courts and the delighted villagers for the first time elected their own magistrates.

Illinois was taken, but it was to be a far different thing to hold it. A good share of Clark's men insisted on returning to their families. Those that were left had to be fed and housed — it was only a matter of time until the French should distrust the paper money he offered in payment. The treaties he made with neighboring tribes would hold off

their murderous raids only until the next instalment of British trading goods . . . and Hamilton was at Detroit.

Early in the fall the news came. Hamilton had retaken Vincennes . . . but the first snow had fallen, and he settled down comfortably until spring.

Grimly, Clark saw but one chance, and at his appeal Frenchmen patched up his dwindling forces . . . day after day they waded wearily through the swollen rivers and flooded bottom lands of an Illinois February — through icy water that stretched for miles waist- even neck-deep, and rested on muddy knolls at night, often without food . . . scarcely another could have led them, but on Clark's sheer certainty of victory they reached Vincennes . . . on the 25th Hamilton surrendered, without terms.

Illinois had become a county of Virginia, divided in three districts, the French inhabitants given their old French law — the *coutume de Paris* — and courts for each district. But already

there were clashes between the French and the frontiersmen that were fast growing bitter. Clark was worn with worry when his friend John Todd came from Virginia to take over the civil authority.

Despite the prohibition of Virginia law, no man living could keep Kentucky backwoodsmen from making tomahawk claims to the fertile lands above the bluffs. It was in 1779 that the first English-speaking settlement was planted, at Bellefontaine in Kaskaskia district, and, soon after, Grand Ruisseau in Cahokia district.

Not a few of them had been bred by wilderness life to recognize no law but their own, and to their disorders was soon added the realization of the worthlessness of the drafts and Continental notes that filled their strong boxes, and the French began refusing supplies . . . but "Long Knives" were not well refused. And, finally, Todd resigned.

Far away to the eastward, the war ended . . . in private conferences Benja-

min Franklin went over the peace terms with his old friend Lord Shelburne, once more in power and anxious to conciliate a nation that might be a desirable ally . . . the boundary was set at the Lakes, and the desperate grip Clark had held upon Illinois could relax.

But of this the harried villagers knew almost nothing. The legal existence of Illinois County ended in January, 1782, and until 1790 its only visible authority lay in the courts, while the eastern states disputed whether the government of the Northwest belonged to states or nation.

Indian attacks came with new fury, sparing not even the French. More and more of the people moved to the comparative security of the Spanish side of the river. Most of their leaders went, and many of the villages were left in utter misery and despair, each dependent upon itself, an abandoned people.

In Kaskaskia errant scoundrels came from the east, and overthrew the court. Led by John Dodge in his hilltop citadel

they ruled the luckless village with a heavy and corrupt hand. The French were unfit to govern themselves, Dodge and his men contended when embarrassing questions came from home . . . but in Cahokia the French court maintained its authority to the end.

Petition after petition failed to reach Congress. Then in January, 1787 word came that Congress was at work at last, and the people were wild with joy. On August 17 an expedition came under Colonel Harmar and for the first time they saw the flag they lived under.

Three more years they waited for actual government, and law-abiding men, American and French alike, began to despair. In the fall of 1789 they promised each other to wait until March before they abandoned Illinois, and in that month Governor St. Clair finally came.

## CHAPTER FIVE

# THE FLOOD WATERS ARE NOT STAYED



ONCE more speculation had driven an opening wedge. New York, Virginia and the other states had ceded their western claims. The plan of settlement had been fought out and laid down in Thomas Jefferson's land ordinance of 1785, and still all the discussion came to no action.

It was not until 1787, when a new Ohio company of New Englanders backed by New York promoters demanded to buy wide territory north of the Ohio, that the apathy of the northern states disappeared . . . under the urging of New York financiers the Continental Congress passed in days the ordinance that had been delayed for years.

Land companies could buy the land, the United States could sell it, but not

much more than the mere title was changing hands. Convinced that Lord Shelburne had made a grave mistake, English garrisons still held the western forts, and the fur trade. The Indian tribes were their catspaws, and cried back the settlements with the bitter voice of scalping knives and burning cabins.

President Washington urged St. Clair to strike the decisive blow that would quell it . . . he tried in the fall of 1791, and met crushing defeat. It was Anthony Wayne, no longer Mad Anthony, but a wily and cunning general, who patiently drilled a new army . . . the Indians discovered in dismay the Americans had a new war chief who never slept . . . on the field of Fallen Timbers, August 20, 1794, under the very guns of the British fort on the Maumee, they discovered his was a greater voice than theirs.

At Greenville, just a year later, the tribes flocked to his summons. Wayne drew a line across northwestern Ohio to be the boundary of the Indian country,

and not one of the sullen tribes dared raise a voice against him.

Fifteen years of peace followed, before frontiersmen had to fight once more. But it was only a matter of time before the suspended battle was taken up again.

Always hostile to an eastern neighbor, the Spanish officials of Louisiana were stirring up the Indians to attack, hampering at every turn the small fur trade the Americans had gained, intriguing to win the Illinois villages from their allegiance.

It was an international accident that frightened them into behaving — the irrepressible minister of the new French republic, Citizen Genet, got to the western settlements before the American government realized what he was doing and started a movement to attack the Spanish villages . . . Ten years later the Louisiana purchase settled the problem.

Months of travel distant from the territorial government in Ohio, the Illinois villages had scant attention at any time during those years. The upper valleys

were filled and Ohio was a state before ever the covered wagons reached half way to the Mississippi . . . Tall trees were the rule of thumb for fertile land, and the rich prairies beyond went for sheer wasteland.

Besides, it was national policy to buy Indian titles before the land was settled, and St. Clair could find no single tribe with a clear title. Shortly, however, William Henry Harrison came as Indian Superintendent, and bought land from any wandering band that would do business with him, and seldom troubled about the justice of any claim.

The Kentuckians came first, Clark's old campaigners who remembered the fertile soil . . . 4,311 people west of Indiana in 1806 had grown to 12,282 four years later, and in 1809 long petitioning won Illinois territorial government of its own.

The working value of the Ordinance of 1787 was tested severely in those first few years of the new territory. At the

outset the situation could scarcely have been worse . . .

All the settled area, some forty miles along the Mississippi, was a veritable nest of petty intrigues and quarrels. North of Kaskaskia American posts could be counted on one hand and were reached only by weeks of laborious poling upstream. Canadians dominated them all and Indians ran unchecked. On two small military garrisons rested all the responsibility of protection.

Even worse, for the establishment of order, land titles were in entire confusion. Incoming settlers had to buy up old, uncertain claims or take public lands without shadow of title. Speculation was rampant and frauds innumerable.

Yet in three years the young Kentuckian who came as territorial governor wrought law and order out of the chaos.

Governor Ninian Edwards used the doctrine he had learned from Jefferson. He insisted on the rule of the majority in every dispute, and to the astonishment

of the old rulers he was incorruptible. He reformed the judiciary and chose his new men carefully, and drastic measures struck hard at the prevailing lawlessness.

Time worked with him, for every succeeding month brought new wagon trains, and men who cared nothing for old quarrels and everything for present peace. The Shadrach Bonds came to help him, uncle and nephew, and John Rice Jones—men that were sound material for building a new state. Even within the year a movement appeared for representative government, and for once all factions united. So far had order progressed that even the declaration of war did not deter the people's will, and it was in 1812 that the second step in territorial government was taken.

And just in time, for the old battle was this time to be finished.

As the Foxes had dimly seen a hundred years before, and Pontiac clearly, now every Indian in the northwest knew . . . though they might have tried to

stay the flood waters of their own western rivers, yet they stiffened for a final effort. It was Tecumseh and his prophet brother who whipped them to religious frenzy, preached return to their ancient customs, their ancient hatreds . . . and new Indian forays came like a shower of arrows in the forest.

In retaliation Harrison destroyed Tecumseh's village, Tippecanoe — fruitless victory, for Tecumseh fled to the British. Through the whole northwest the old fury was raised, and in the clamor for war all Madison's diplomacy was futile.

Once more Illinois was the prize of international conflict — and this time the English meant no mistakes. Unluckily, the American command did make mistakes, and costly ones. In the first campaign Detroit and Mackinac fell, and Fort Dearborn's garrison was massacred.

The English believed the noxious boundary was retrieved . . . but against the enfilade of Indian attacks the Illinois settlers stayed and defiantly clamored for

revenge. Without government money or authority Governor Edwards raised militia from his own pocket and patrolled the frontier from Vincennes to the Mississippi, building blockhouses to cover the outlying settlements.

It was a year later when troops finally came . . . Perry drove the English from Lake Erie, and they abandoned Detroit . . . but though they had lost in the east the English peace commissioners went to Ghent still in firm hold of the Mississippi, and determined to keep it.

But the United States had sent three of its ablest men, John Quincy Adams, Albert Gallatin and Henry Clay. They held stubbornly to their terms.

With the withdrawal of the English traders passed the wilderness years . . . settlement came in full tide, towns laid out in all the boom-time optimism of a western frontier . . . and, as was also to be the history of the west, when statehood came in 1818 the majority of its founders were practically strangers.

## CHAPTER SIX

### OUT OF FERMENTING GROWTH, MEN OF VIGOROUS MIND . . .



ALF - SAVAGE frontiersmen and college-bred lawyers, small farmers and speculators' agents, fine ladies and gaunt women from backwoods settlements . . . houses of frame, and of brick, replacing swiftly the old log cabins . . . great dinners given, while men still gathered for corn-huskings and barn-raising, court days and camp meetings . . .

Rifles and powder, blankets and calicos in the village stores, beside fine wines, brandies, lemons, spices, silver tea services, broadcloths and silks . . . so widely diverse the elbowing life of frontier towns.

They clustered in the rich river bottoms, climbing in two wide columns from

the Ohio at either side of the State . . . following the water courses for timber, water, and easy communication. Grist mills, steam distilleries, sawmills sprang up in their busy life; coopers, tanners, weavers, clock and watchmakers, hatters and milliners set up thriving trades, and Connecticut pedlars were a household byword.

Down every Illinois river and creek the farmers sent their produce to the markets in the towns, and from there down the Ohio and Mississippi, where steamboats were just pushing aside the flatboats and keelboats, to pile up on the wharves at New Orleans . . .

But the manufactured goods farmers wanted in return necessarily came from the east, and the resulting problem in exchange was beyond that day. Little by little currency was drained from Illinois until men began to fear for the union . . . not yet did they look northward for the solution.

Though by 1830 the people had grown

to number 157,000 men almost superstitiously avoided the prairies. Between the columns and to the north, the Kickapoos, the Sauks and the Foxes, the Winnebagos and the Potawatomis still morosely hunted a trackless wilderness. It was a colony of English, drawn by the resemblance of the lands to the manor parks at home, who first settled on the prairie in 1818. Their leaders were the Flowers, and Morris Birkbeck who not only led in the fight on slavery in the State, but accomplished much in the advancement of scientific agriculture.

Then, about 1823, lead was discovered at Galena, and miners saw the rich corn fields and the great villages near Rock Island where the Sauks and the Foxes had lived for a hundred years. Without ceremony, in violation of both federal law and Indian treaty, they took possession of this corner of the wide prairie . . . encroaching year by year, until they plowed the village and the ancient graves. Only then, and under the goad

of mistreatment, the sixty-year old war chief Black Hawk turned suddenly and ordered them to leave. The settlers fled in panic to Governor Reynolds who proclaimed Illinois in a state of "actual invasion" and called for volunteers . . .

The war was a frolic better than a wolfhunt to frontier farmers who for twenty years had hated Indians without seeing any . . . Black Hawk, already disillusioned, fled with his starving band across Wisconsin before an army of four thousand soldiers . . . again and again tried to surrender, only to meet annihilation.

No other Indian in Illinois ever questioned the ownership of the land.

The war was not ended before settlers were crowding northward, and speculation doubling and tripling land values in a year. The favorite get-rich-quick scheme was the projection of a new town; Chicago was the speculators' hunting ground, and they made fortunes. In 1832 it was a market with two stores, and fur

traders still floated their Mackinaw boats over the swampy portage to the Des Plaines. A year later there were 2,000 people living there, and the lake front was crowded with ships bringing more.

Gradually farms spread over the prairie, though it was far from easy to break up the tough prairie sod, and expensive to fence it. The pioneer settlers were usually squatters, who often sold their claims to newcomers and kept on moving westward. And despite all the rulings of indignant eastern statesmen who looked upon the west as a source of public funds, instead of the future home of American people, westerners justly respected their usefulness and protected their rights.

In these years an enormous change was taking place. A canal had been built that linked the Lakes to the sea, and as commerce shifted heavily from Philadelphia and Baltimore to New York, so Chicago gained in importance over the Mississippi towns . . .

In 1834 weekly steamers plied from

Buffalo, and the fast settling northern country began hauling its grain to the city from hundreds of miles. Prices in the Chicago market surged above those in any other city, and the wheat came from the neighboring states as well. By 1841 a hundred and fifty ships docked a month, and they were not enough to carry it away.

Long since men had pointed to the canal Joliet had seen between the Chicago and Illinois Rivers as solving the transportation problem. Plans had been made in 1819, and battered around in politics for several years. Finally, toward 1830 a government grant was made and actual shoveling was within sight. But then men heard of railroads and suddenly all Illinois was flooded with schemes to give fabulous values to lands away from the water routes.

A mass of fantastic charters were granted in 1836, but so widespread was the fever that the next year the State undertook its own system of railroads

and canals, all over the State, and all to be built on the State's credit. Bonds were sold, and they were all begun at once . . . it was two years later when the financial house of cards began to fall, when it was no longer a question of completion but of paying interest on the loans already made, and scarcely six months later when even that hope collapsed . . .

The State was called ruined when Governor Thomas Ford, elected in 1842, showed the legislators the way out, persuaded the creditors of Illinois' good faith. Under his direction, not only were the debts paid, but the important Michigan-Illinois canal was finished. More than that, in those sobering years Illinois came of age.

It was in these years of fermenting growth that immigrants began coming to Illinois from many lands . . . German fugitives from revolution, men of books many of them, whom the westerners called Latin farmers for knowing more of Latin than of the land, who started

a school in Belleville the first winter they settled there, 1836, brought one of the first important libraries in the State, and founded the first music school . . .

Irish laborers who came to work on the canal and settled in Chicago, or farmed the canal lands they bought with their wages . . . English and Scotch, besides, and many Norwegians and Swedes.

Most ambitious and tragic of all attempts was the colony of Mormons that followed Joseph Smith in persecution from state to state and came from Missouri in 1839 to settle at Nauvoo. Almost in a night a city of perhaps twenty thousand grew up to overtop any other in the State, where today is a village of scarcely a thousand.

Granted almost unheard of lawmaking powers by the State, it was not long before Smith, here as elsewhere, was interfering in politics and trying to draw commerce from neighboring towns to feed his thousands. Gradually a storm of hostility was stirred up, and men gath-

ered under arms in the neighboring districts. Smith was murdered in jail, and only open warfare finally drove Brigham Young and his followers to another westward migration.

From the beginning Illinois towns had fairly buzzed with political life . . . but the factions of an isolated frontier state were giving way to greater struggles, in terms of the nation, and of the future . . .

Out of the cauldron of a hundred violent beliefs grew men of vigorous mind, leaders . . . one who, in 1837, declared in protest against the rest of the legislature that abolitionism made the slavery evil worse, who denounced the Mexican war as "robbery and dishonor" and was called a second Benedict Arnold . . .

Who fought the cause of liberty and union in a contest for an Illinois senatorship that the nation watched . . . and won on Illinois stumps, that year, the presidency for 1860.

## CHAPTER SEVEN

# A CENTER OF COMMERCE IS DECIDED



HE promised transformation, when it came, answered even the speculators' wild dreams.

By the late forties eastern capitalists were beginning to bid for charters that would carry the railroads across the states to St. Louis or to Chicago at the terminus of the new canal which was already pouring into the lake port the grain of the Illinois river country and even of the Mississippi from St. Louis.

In 1850 a land grant was secured to build the Illinois Central Railroad and it was promptly undertaken. In 1849 the Galena and Chicago Union, later part of the Northwestern, had 14 miles in operation; the road reached Freeport in 1853. By another year the Chicago and Rock Island, the Chicago and Alton were

each organized, and a number of other roads were put together as a nucleus of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy. Rapidly connections with the east were developed, and year by year new roads and connections showed the outline of the vast railroad network that was to be.

And the reaching lines wrought enormous changes . . . Even through the restless years of '49 and '50, when every western wagon train seemed to come from Illinois, people poured into the State faster than others poured out. The prairies of eastern Illinois were filling up at last. Along the railroads the villages of log cabins sprang up once more, to change over night to good-sized towns. Farmers suddenly realized the wealth of new markets, and a fever of plank roads almost kept pace with the railroads.

Back in the thirties farmers had begun to grope uncertainly for the bounty that lay in the rich prairie soil. Agricultural societies appeared and farmers experimented with flax and mustard seed; cot-

ton, tobacco, hemp, castor beans and mulberry trees were all tried in brief crazes. But they still used the primitive bar-share plows, and it was not new crops they needed.

In a little forest forge where now is the Illinois Central station at 12th Street in Chicago, John Lane fabricated the first steel plow in the world in 1833. John Deere took up the idea and began making plows at Grand Detour in 1837, and William Parlin in 1842. It was John Lane, true son of his father, who revolutionized the making of plows by the invention of soft center steel in 1868.

In these years, too, inventors were tinkering with planters, threshers and harvesters. The first McCormick factory was set up in Chicago in 1847, and not long afterwards two young Illinois farmers, the Marsh brothers, Charles and William, patented the harvesters which superseded the combined reapers and mowers. In turn these gave way to the binding machines which George H.

Spaulding of Rockford, Illinois, and John F. Appleby of Wisconsin first constructed. Grain drills and disk harrows, hay rakes and hay loaders . . . and as important as all these, the invention of barbed wire, which made possible the great stock and dairying industries which are the agriculture of Illinois today.

For as the railroads pushed on, wheat production shifted westward, and closer utilization of the soil brought specialized crops — corn and oats above the other grains, hay and pasturage, and horticultural crops as well.

Livestock had been handled somewhat haphazardly. But it was easy and profitable to raise cattle, and most farmers began to find it cheaper to “make their corn walk to market.” They bought western “feeders” to fatten on Illinois corn, and it was when prices of cattle rose that farmers started raising their own and discovered the huge profits in producing “baby beef.”

When the Civil War raised the price

of wool to new heights, many farmers had immense flocks of sheep, but the prices fell, and interest returned, for a time, only with the demand for mutton through the nineties. In the production of swine, however, most important in Illinois agriculture today, the State always ranked high. From 1830 importations of improved breeds were made steadily, until the State was a center of pure-blooded swine.

The other important section of agriculture today, dairying, developed with the growth of industrial cities, with the seventies, to become an industry in itself in the development of cream separators, butter-making machinery and large scale organization.

And while with the expanding railroads Illinois farmers looked into a new era, the city by the lake reaped mightily of their harvest. At first Chicago grain dealers feared losing the trade the canal and the Lakes had brought them . . . the railroads decided the city's dominance.

By 1859 dealers were almost as busy as ever in the "pit" of today, attending four "boards" a day . . . the first at eight in the morning on a street corner called "Gamblers' Corner," the second at eleven in the rooms of the Board of Trade, another in the afternoon back at the Corner, and the last at seven that evening on the sidewalk opposite the Tremont House.

And when the railroads, having brought the enormous shipments of grain, shifted them also westward to Duluth; when, also, the mid-western forests were stripped after a decade when Chicago was the nation's lumber market . . . at length, as the trail herds began rolling northward to meet the railroads, stockyards grew on the city's westward fringe . . . the beginning of an unexampled industry.

In the twenty years from 1850 to 1870, the city's population grew from 30,000 to 300,000. Eighteen trunk lines had made it already the country's railroad

center, had built its receiving yards and freight houses, its warehouses and elevators, and its factories . . .

And one windy October night in 1871 Mrs. O'Leary's cow upset a kerosene lamp in a flimsy barn, and the gale swept flames in vast billows across a city that melted before it . . .

Yet the ashes were not cold before rebuilding had begun . . . merchants ordering new stocks from the east the moment the wires were repaired . . . banks open for business within the week . . . and in three years a new city showed of what temper was Illinois' growth.

## CHAPTER EIGHT

# AN ALLIANCE UNIQUE AMONG STATES



PARADOXICALLY, the transformation of Illinois into an industrial state grew largely out of its agriculture.

While out of the demands created by the Civil War a diversity of manufactures grew rapidly, it was on the State's unrivaled sources of raw materials that its most important industries were based—flour and whisky on its wheat and corn, meat packing on livestock and fodder corn, and on the lumber of neighboring states the agricultural implements, carriages and wagons, and planed lumber that agriculture demanded.

Out of the interchange a wide commerce grew within the State. With the telegraph and the railroads, competition widened, and spread to distant markets.

By 1876 Chicago merchants not only competed at home on equal terms with the east, but sent their "drummers" selling through the whole country. Trade with China and Japan was just beginning, moreover, and by means of the transcontinental railroads just completed, their goods were sold from Chicago.

At the same time, an industrial population was growing rapidly. The invention of new processes and the supplanting of old methods by the factory system were beginning modern industrialism . . . and the far-reaching changes in the growth of corporations and the differentiation of capital and labor were not far distant.

Already in the seventies, of so-called "pure" manufactures, clothing ranked with meat-packing and flour milling. And there were numbers of others just beginning to grow—iron castings, forged and rolled iron, tobacco, furniture, machinery, leather goods, boots and shoes . . .

The iron and steel industry in Illinois dated from the sixties when the mines in northern Michigan were opened. In Chicago it started in 1857 when Captain E. B. Ward of Detroit built the Chicago Rolling Mill on the right bank of the Chicago River, "just outside the city," to reroll iron rails. It was the nucleus of the North Chicago Rolling Mill which in 1864 rolled the first Bessemer steel made in this country.

Later, also, this company joined with the Union works, the South Chicago works, and the Joliet Iron and Steel Company to form the Illinois Steel Company in 1889.

The first furnaces were built by the Chicago Iron Company in 1868, and by 1876 there were eleven furnaces and nine rolling mills in the State. It was in the eighties that the steel industry started its modern growth, with the opening of the Superior ranges and the freighting of ore cheaply down the Lakes . . . and with the opening of the Illinois coal mines.

Coal mining is not a frontier industry. Perhaps nothing so clearly as its beginning in Illinois marked the advance of the State to high industrial rank. The rich deposits went unrealized under the deep prairies until the railroads brought men to open them.

No longer were the steel industries dependent on coal from other states, and they began to expand on Illinois sources. And not only in Chicago . . . other cities suddenly began to grow: Peoria, Decatur, Joliet, Quincy, Rockford, Springfield.

And in 1883 was designed the first steel cage construction known to the world — the first of skyscrapers. It was the ten-story Home Insurance Building in Chicago that revolutionized building methods, and the industry.

Today the chief industry in Illinois is still wholesale meatpacking—joined with the chief product of agriculture which is hogs, and the third and fourth on that list, corn and cattle.

It was in 1865 that the Chicago stock-yards were consolidated, at the time when railroads promised to prevent the previous great risks to the packers. Until then meat was packed in the winter to prevent spoiling, but could be shipped only when summer freed the lake and canal of ice. Then the refrigeration process was discovered, and in 1867 fresh meat was first successfully shipped in refrigerator cars.

Eight years later Chicago meat reached Europe, and its foreign trade kept growing. More and more large packers discovered the utilization of the by-products, and by the nature of the industry combinations grew up that not only concentrated it in fewer hands, but determined its permanence in Chicago.

A 1933 census gives to meat-packing the value of three hundred and ten millions of dollars. The second in rank, printing and publishing, is valued at \$175,000,000. Other industries, large as they are, reach not quite a hundred millions:

Steel works and rolling mills, clothing, foundry, and machine shops, bread and other bakery goods, confectionery, petroleum refining, electrical machinery, boots and shoes, tin cans and tinware, paints and varnishes, railroad repair shops.

Second of states in commerce and industry; third in mineral production.

In like spirit has agriculture grown.

For a quarter of a century there was a steady decrease in farm population as boys and girls were drawn by the cities and farm labor sought steady pay in industry. Yet a steady increase in farm production, in farms, in acreage, corresponded. And dairying grew with the cities to rank in its own right.

Farming machinery and farming methods made enormous advances . . . crop planning, use of fertilizer, soil utilization, the gasoline tractors that displace horses and small engines that do the muscular work of a farm household.

In the corn belt tile drains and ditches increased the value of the marshy prairies

to the highest priced agricultural land in the United States. In 1890 the high point in cultivation was reached: 32,794,728 acres. But after a long decline thereafter, farms and acreage have again increased, and in 1935 acres under cultivation were little more than a million short of the mark.

Long ago the wasteful pioneer disappeared, displaced by the modern business farmer, who is acquainted with markets and prices, able to apply a cost accounting system to his operations, posted on rapidly developing improvements, and anxious to give his children who will work after him technical education.

In interdependent commerce, interdependent strength, agriculture and industry have grown . . . forged an alliance unique among states, of high rank secure in the nation.

## CHAPTER NINE

### A SPELLER, AND A SLATE BESIDES



ALMOST proverbial among to-day's school children is the *Life of Washington* that the boy Lincoln borrowed from a neighboring farmer, tucked between the ill-fitting logs of the cabin one night before it snowed — and then had to split rails to pay for it. Many a frontier child learned to read from that same gossipy book of Parson Weems. A speller and a slate besides were generally all his equipment for education in the log cabin schoolhouses of the first American settlers.

The first of them known was built in Monroe County in 1783. Itinerant schoolmasters kept them, and farmers bought tuition for one or two children and divided the term among the family. Despite the provision made for education

in the Ordinance of 1787, these were the only schools for a good many years.

In the early years of statehood, more ambitious private schools appeared, some about the grade of grammar schools, and some girls' schools that taught needlework, painting and similar subjects for tuition of \$3.50 to \$7.00 a quarter. At Kaskaskia a Reverend Mr. Desmoulin taught Latin and French, and Aratus Kent taught Latin and Greek at Galena about 1829. There was one public school at Alton, which was free to children of the incorporation.

It was in 1824 that the first bill passed the Illinois legislature to establish free schools, but a storm of disapproval greeted it. A year later it was repealed, and twenty years passed before the public was convinced that the State owed every child an education.

Meanwhile every denomination worked to provide instruction for its own children, from the three Rs to natural and moral philosophy, Latin and

Greek. The pioneering Presbyterian and Congregational missionaries, who worked together in the west, were usually men of thorough collegiate and theological training, and founded a number of schools — Illinois, Knox and Beloit colleges; Whipple, Dover, Princeton and other academies; Monticello, Jacksonburg, Rockford and Galesburg female seminaries.

The foundations of collegiate education in the west were laid in 1827 when John Mason Peck opened a theological seminary at Rock Spring, which taught literature and science besides. A farm for student labor reduced expenses as well as promoted good health — a favorite type of school corporation at the time.

Out of this seminary some years later grew Shurtleff College, by then moved to upper Alton. A quarter century in advance of their time, its trustees projected in 1840 a school of scientific agriculture and a year or so later opened a medical school.

By 1840 the State had twelve colleges, though Illinois College, opened in 1830 at Jacksonville, alone granted degrees. Others were McKendree, a Methodist seminary opened at Lebanon in 1835 on the labor principle and with a department for women, and Knox College at Galesburg, founded in 1837.

Among the numbers of denomination colleges founded since, Wheaton College, Illinois Wesleyan University at Bloomington, and Illinois Women's College at Jacksonville were founded by Methodists; Shurtleff and the old Chicago University that Stephen A. Douglas founded in 1857 by Baptists; Lombard College at Galesburg by Universalists; Jubilee College by Episcopalians in 1847; Augustana College, founded by the Lutherans at Chicago in 1860 and moved to Rock Island in 1875; and St. Ignatius Jesuit College, built in 1869 and now Loyola University.

State Normal University at Bloomington, founded in 1857, and the University

of Illinois, chartered ten years later as Illinois Industrial University, were the first altogether non-denominational higher schools. In 1892 came the opening of the University of Chicago, just a few weeks before the dedication of the Columbian Exposition.

In the forties the state schools that had sprung up in various townships were gradually brought under control of a unified system. In 1845 a state superintendent of schools was appointed — though for economy's sake he was the secretary of state for nine years — and teachers' conventions were called that went into problems thoroughly. In the next ten years the foundation of the modern school system was laid.

In 1846 and 1847 schools were opened for the deaf and dumb, and for the blind. Later on the State widened its instruction for these special groups.

Despite the numbers of private schools, it was still difficult to get teachers of adequate training. In 1857 State Nor-

mal was opened, the first normal school in the middle west. Others followed, and in the burst of activities in the nineties the standards were raised, instruction put on a basis of psychology, and a number of new subjects added.

Several technological schools followed. Armour Institute of Technology in 1893, Lewis Institute in 1896, Bradley Polytechnic Institute of Peoria in 1897. And in the same decade came Chicago's four great libraries: Newberry Library opened in 1887, the scientific and technical John Crerar Library incorporated in 1894, the beginning of the collection of the University of Chicago library, while the Chicago Public Library founded twenty years earlier was established in its own new building in 1892.

Significant of the quickening life of the sixties and seventies, Chicago early had an Academy of Sciences, an opera house and an art gallery. These burned, but the interests they represented have grown stronger ever since. An active

musical life gave foretaste of today's great Chicago Symphony, particularly among the Germans, who had an orchestra and two rival male choruses which grew out of the music for President Lincoln's funeral. Schools of music, later on, were established at Illinois College, at Northwestern, and at Knox, and music festivals fostered the people's liking.

From the beginning newspapers sprang up in Illinois, not one at a time, but in rivalries of threes and fours. Not precisely newspapers in the modern sense, the strictures and observations of the editor were interlarded with clippings of romances and occasionally better pieces. But even in expression often crude and violent was the vigor of a growing frontier people.

By 1870 more than 500 periodicals were published in Illinois. In the next decade the number doubled, and it was chiefly in those years that newspapers changed from ideas to news, and that the Chicago press became metropolitan. Out-

side of Chicago, as well, not a few papers attained an influence equal to any in Chicago.

By 1890 there were more than 1300 papers — these were years of a stirring of thought, years that saw a Robert Ingersoll, and in which Jane Addams struggled in a pioneer work. The first permanent periodicals appeared, as expanding, richer life brought more closely knit expression. Thus also the culminating World's Columbian Exposition, as another and greater exposition at the end of a longer period.

## CHAPTER TEN

# AMERICA WAS BUILT BY THESE



LLINOIS is a story of few who saw, many who were blind . . . a story of empire that many laid high stakes to win and, often in the winning, lost.

Of nameless voyageurs who searched out the far paths before any that history names . . . whom Allouez and Marquette and Joliet found before them at the landing places and the portages.

Of la Salle, magnificent in his failures . . . of the loyalty of Tonti, the gleaming courage of Dartaguiette . . . of saintly, fearless fathers, who dared—rather, welcomed—the most terrible of hardships, and death, for the saving of Indian souls.

Tiny French villages, flotsam of French imperialism flung on the Mississippi shore . . . small farmers and

hard-bitten traders, their sprinkling of nobles, and fringe of Indian and negro slaves . . . bits of an old world forsaken in the new, like the Indians to fall sacrifice to conquest . . .

Two centuries nations wasted in fruitless conflict . . . and the valleys waited men who sought for themselves. Speculators and squatters pushed a frontier westward, built the lusty frontier towns, and the tide of settlement rolled after.

Speculators and squatters. America was built by these. The founders of towns, exploiters of mines, builders of railroads . . . who laid high stakes to win.

They were adventurers like these who built Illinois . . . who pioneered her far-flung business frontiers. It is a young, well muscled state; it still pioneers.



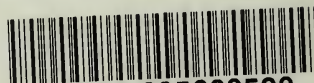








UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA  
977.31L623 C001  
ILLINOIS THE PRAIRIE STATE NEW YORK, N.



3 0112 025380590